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THE WHOLE ART OF GOVERNMENT CONSISTS IN THE ART OF BEING HONEST.—Jefferson.

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Some Folks.

BY THE PALE STUDENT.

Some folks are continually sighing,
And thinking of this and of that;
Some sending the poker a flying,
Or kicking or pinching the cat!
But such, we are happy to say,
Is not the case with the wight
Who loves a newspaper by day,
And chats with the ladies at night.

When the mourning comes on he is gay,
And he carries a smile on his lips!
Nor does he send beggar away
With curses more plenty than tips!
He is one of the happy and few,
Who turns not away from the light,
For he reads the newspaper by day,
And chats with the ladies at night!

Away with your dark-looking men,
Who hunt in their folly for woe—
Who turn with contempt and with hate
From all that is pleasing below!
They stagger like fools in the mine,
And curse in their pitiful plight;
For they read not the papers by day,
Nor chat with the ladies at night!

O give me the man with a head!
O give me the man with a heart—
The fellow that moves with his speech,
And pleases you well with his art.
O give me the fellow, I say,
Whose tongue is a source of delight,
For he reads the newspapers by day,
And chats with the ladies at night!

Fleeing Strangers.

THE WAY THEY DO IT IN NEW YORK.

From the Police Report of a New York Paper.

The boat from Albany landed on the pier, last Tuesday morning, an innocent, unsophisticated clergyman from the western part of the State, who had never been in this city before, and, of course, knew nothing of the vicious habits of the "elephant." The clergyman stood on the pier, with his carpet bag in his hand, and a wondrous expression on his mild countenance, when he was espied by a Jehu, who was on the look out for a fare.

"Coach, sir?" says Jehu, touching his hat respectfully, and looking demurely.
"Yes, my friend," the clergyman replied, smiling suddenly from his reverie, "I do want a coach."

"All right, sir, come this way," and Jehu seized the carpet bag, to which its owner clung, and was dragged through the crowd to a rickety old machine, which the driver called a coach.

"Where to, sir?" said Jehu.
"To any respectable public house—I am a stranger here."

"I'll carry you to the best one in town—the one where rooms have been taken for the King of France."

"Bless me," said the clergyman, "is the ex-King of France coming over?—I didn't hear of that."

"Expected next steamer, sir—he would have been here before, only he wanted to see if the Queen of England wouldn't want to come along too."

"Ah," said the clergyman, "we live in exciting times."
"We don't do anything else, sir," responded Jehu, as he jumped on the box and applied the whip to his miserable nags.

To what den of thieves the rascally coachman carried our country friend, we cannot say, since the victim was unable to describe the place of its locality to the police. But it was opposite a dirty looking building, that he was put down by the driver, who then demanded three dollars fare.

"Three dollars!" exclaimed the good clergyman, "why, a neighbor of mine said that the rates were fixed by law, and that I would have to pay only three shillings to ride a mile in the city!"
"O, that was before the news of the French

revolution came; wages have risen since then, and the law is now for every man to get as much he can, and keep all he gets, and we go in for that law—we do."

"But my friend, if I had known that you would have demanded so much I should have walked."

"Taint safe for strangers to walk in the city—ten to one they'll meet the elephant."
"Meet the elephant—I don't understand you."

By this time, according to the clergyman's account, the knave must have tired of fooling with his victim, for he answered saucily—
"I can't stop to talk with you—pay me my three dollars and let me go."

The country gentleman, unsuspecting an hour before of such tricks yet felt that he was being cheated, and mildly declined paying the money.

"Then you must go before a magistrate," cried Jehu in a rage.
"Willingly—and if the magistrate says that your charge is right, I will pay it."
"Better pay it now, and save the costs of court."

"Costs of court?—will a justice of the peace charge anything for answering a single question?"
"A single question! If you go to law with me, we'll have a regular trial according to the new constitution—I'll have a jury of twelve men, if they can be got; or six anyhow," answered the hackman.

The clergyman endeavored to compromise with the Jehu, but a new idea had entered into the rascal's head, and he now not only demanded three dollars fare, but extra pay for delay. The victim concluded to see the magistrate, and he re-entered the hack and was driven off—where he could not tell; but his description of the scene was ludicrous enough.

"I was introduced to the magistrate, who shook hands with me, and asked the hackman what was the nature of the charge, and shook his head when told that I would not pay three dollars for riding from the steamboat to the hotel. I asked him if the charge was just? He said that the new law was not clear to his apprehension, and that a jury must decide the matter; and he thanked God that under the new constitution the jury were judges of the law and the fact, and didn't care a d—n for all the benches in the Supreme Court—then he walked away with the driver, and told me that I must consider myself a prisoner until the case was adjudicated. I asked him for my carpet bag. He said that the new law did not allow a prisoner to a carpet bag or trunk, until the chief of police had examined into its contents—and he asked me for the key to send with the bag to send to the chief's office, which I gave to him. I waited for more than an hour before a jury was empanelled; when the trial began the magistrate asked me if I had counsel. I replied "no;" upon which he said that the court would assign me counsel, and a red faced man who stood in the doorway was told to take charge of my case. The hackman was examined and told his story very briefly. Then I was put upon the stand and questioned and cross-questioned for two hours. I was obliged to state where I came from, how old I was, what was the state of my wife's health—how many children I had—how my congregation was large—what salary I had, and whether I was paid monthly or quarterly—and whether there had been any revival in the neighborhood during the year—what my opinion of the ship fever was, whether there had been any cases of small pox in my town, and if all the children had been vaccinated—what works on natural history I had read, and whether I had seen the elephant! To each of these questions my counsel loudly protested, and offered to show from the new constitution that I could not be compelled to answer them. But I told him that I would much rather answer them at once, than to lose time in discussion. Finally the case was given to the jury, after a very long charge from the judge, in which he said that whatever might be their verdict, they must remember that I was a clergyman who had heretofore borne an excellent character, and that I was entitled to the benefit of a doubt, if there was such a thing in the case which he felt obliged to say he doubted. However, he referred them to the new constitution, and "the whole duty of man," an excellent work as I knew, and then sent them out for consultation. It was afternoon when the jury came in with a verdict for the plaintiff. The judge ciphered on a slate for a few minutes and then told me to pay three dollars to the coachman, eleven dollars costs of court, and three dollars counsel fee. My counsel said I could appeal, if I would lodge one hundred dollars with court as a security that I would carry the case up. But I preferred to pay the seventeen dollars, especially as I hadn't the hundred dollars to lodge as security. I was then allowed to depart, the court giving me an order on the chief of police for my carpet bag."

This was the story of the country clergyman, related with child like simplicity at the chief's office, where he presented the order for his bag, and was informed that he had been grossly imposed upon. The knaves into whose hands he fell, had amused themselves for nearly an entire day, with their victim, before they plucked him.

Mr. Cocke's Speech.

A short time ago, Mr. Cocke, of Tennessee, made a speech in the House of Representatives, in the course of the debate upon the Post Office Appropriation Bill, which attracted a good deal of attention, from the fact that it embraced a list of the delegates to Baltimore in 1844, who had been rewarded by Mr. Polk for voting for him "then and there," as a candidate for the Presidency. We quote from the Washington correspondence of the Philadelphia North American a more detailed statement of this point, as follows:—

"The first statement which I shall introduce is designed to show the considerations which operated upon the influential managers of the last Baltimore Convention, and to warrant the inference that the abandonment of Mr. Van Buren and General Cass, was not without its price. It ought to be remembered, that the following list contains only thirty-seven out of two hundred and seventy-five Delegates.—Doubtless many others were provided for, and that the aggregate could be swelled to millions if the same channels were open to us that are enjoyed by Mr. Polk. But enough has been collected from a hasty examination of the record, to impress the public mind, and to prove the nature of the bargains by which Locofoco Conventions are managed, and literally sold out to the highest bidder."

R. J. Walker, Sec'y. of the Treasury,	\$24,000 00
G. Bancroft, Sec'y. of Navy,	\$12,000 00
G. Bancroft, Minister to Eng.,	31,500 00
Cave Johnson, Post Master General,	24,000 00
N. Clifford, Attorney General,	4,500 00
Com'r to Mexico,	31,500 00
J. R. Ingersol, Min'r. to Russia,	31,500 00
Son of Min'r Sec'y of Legation,	4,000 00
R. M. Saunders, Minister to Spain,	40,000 00
G. W. Hopkins, Ch'ge d'Aff. to Portugal,	14,625 00
J. W. Davis, Commissioner to China,	6,000 00
B. G. Shields, Ch. d'Aff. to Venezuela,	18,000 00
H. Hubbard, Sub. Treasurer at Boston,	6,500 00
Marcus Morton, Collector at Boston,	26,690 00
P. Allen, Post Master at Pittsfield, Mass.,	4,039 48
J. G. Greene, Public Printer, at Boston,	16,000 00
R. Rantoul, Jr., Dist. Atty. for Mass.,	16,000 00
J. H. Wright, appointed Navy Agent, and rejected by the Senate,	—
C. G. Eastman, P. M., Montpelier, Vt.,	1,398 86
H. K. Smith, Postmaster, Buffalo,	6,847 84
B. F. Butler, U. S. District Atty., N. Y.,	24,000 00
D. S. Belzer, Inspector of Customs, Balt.,	4,038 00
Gabriel Holmes, District Attorney, N. C.,	—
W. T. Colquhoun—son a paymaster,	3,000 00
D. B. Turner, P. Master, Huntsville, Ala.,	4,896 16
C. A. Bradford, S. Gen., Jackson, Miss.,	4,000 09
G. A. Fall, Public Printer, Miss.,	—
J. H. Laughlin, Recorder Land Office,	8,000 00
G. J. Pillow, Brig. and Major General,	7,470 00
C. A. Cadwall, Major in Army,	3,384 00
J. W. Tibbatts, Colonel in Army,	4,392 00
S. Medary, Postmaster, Columbus, Ohio,	6,128 40
H. T. Bartley, U. S. Dist. Atty., for Ohio,	—
W. D. Morgan, brother Secretary of Legation to Brazil,	8,000 00
John S. Simonson, Capt. Dragoons,	2,000 00
J. C. Sloe, Receiver at Shawneetown, Ill.,	4,000 00
W. Walters, Public Printer, Springfield Ill.,	—
A. H. Sevier, Commissioner to Mexico,	22,500 00
W. F. Richie, Printing and Advertising,	5,000 00
Public Printer, (only)	89,478 82
H. H. Brewster, Cherokee Commissioner,	22,920 00

"This furnishes an aggregate of six hundred and ninety-six thousand, five hundred and sixty-eight dollars, and fifty-six cents, for thirty-seven Delegates, or nearly nineteen thousand dollars a head. A pretty respectable price for Locofoco skulls, but, cheap enough when it is considered that Mr. Polk very prudently pays his friends out of the public Treasury.

"The next point is equally worthy of our notice. The whole amount of actual appropriations by law, for the war, up to this time, including the sum stipulated to be paid under the treaty, is one hundred and five millions, seven hundred and fifty-one thousand, three hundred and one dollars, and fifty-six cents. This of course is exclusive of the expenditures that are constantly accruing and increasing, and which are estimated at one hundred millions more.

"But there is yet another and even a graver topic. I refer to the immense loss of human life in this Executive war. The President started with the principle of "indemnity for the past and security for the future." After two years of bloody contest what do we behold? Where is the indemnity—where the security? The resources of money and men being exhausted, and the indignation of the country being roused against the administration that made the war, the President has found it convenient to buy a peace, and to pay twenty-two and a half millions for territory, that by all just acknowledgment, must become a burden upon our hands, and will inevitably saddle a vast increase upon the public expenditures.

"It appears that seven thousand seven hundred and seven men are numbered among the dead, and that six thousand five hundred and forty-eight are registered as being discharged for total disability. And of these at least one half if not more have already died."

The Beggar and Banker.

"Stand out of my way," said a rough surety voice under my window one day, as I set musing over the bustling scene below me, at my lodgings in Chestnut street.

"Your honor will please to recollect," replied a sharp and somewhat indignant voice—"Your honor will please to recollect that I am a beggar, and have much right to the road as yourself."

"And I am a banker," was retorted still more gruffly and angrily.
Amused at this strange dialogue I leaned over the case and beheld a couple of citizens in the position which a pugilist would probably denominate squared, their countenances somewhat menacing, and their persons presenting a contrast at once ludicrous and instructive. The one was a purse proud, lordly mannered man apparelled in silk, and protecting a carcass of nearly the circumference of a hog's head; the other ragged and dirty, but equally impudent and self-important personage; and from a comparison of their countenances, it would have puzzled the most profound M. D. to determine which of their roundities was best stored habitually with good victuals and good drink.

Upon a close observation, however, of the countenance of the banker, I discovered almost as soon as my eye fell upon it, a line bespeaking something of humor and awakened curiosity, as he stood fixed and eyeing his antagonist; and this became more clear and conspicuous when he lowered his tone and asked, "How will you make that appear?"

"How?" said the beggar—"Why listen a moment, and I'll learn you. In the first place, do you not notice that God has given me a soul and body just as good for all the purposes of thinking, eating, drinking and taking my pleasure, as he has you, and then you may remember Dives and Lazarus as we pass. Then again, it is a free country, and here, too, we are on an equality; for you must know that even a beggar's boy may look a gentleman in the face with as much indifference as he would a brother. I and you have the same common master, are equally free, live equally easy, and are both travelling the same journey; bound to the same place, and both have to die and be buried in the end."

"But," interrupted the banker, "do you pretend there is no difference between a beggar and a banker?"

"Not in the least," rejoined the beggar with the utmost readiness, "not in the least as to essentials. You swagger and drink wine in company of your own choosing; I swagger and drink beer, which I like better than your company. You make thousands a day perhaps; I make a shilling perhaps; if you are contented I am; we are equally happy at night. You dress in new clothes, I am just as comfortable in old ones and have no trouble in keeping them from soiling; if I have less property than you have, I have less to care about; if fewer friends, less friendship to lose; and if I don't make as large a figure in the world, I make as great a shadow on the pavement; I am as great as you. Besides, my word for it, I have fewer enemies, meet with fewer losses; carry as light a heart, and sing as many songs as the best of you."

"And then," said the banker, who had all along tried to slip in a word edge ways, "is the contempt of the world nothing?"

"The envy of the world is as bad as its contempt; you have perhaps the one and I share in the other. And besides, the world deals in matter, equally unjust with us both. You and I live by our wits, instead of living by our industry; and the only difference is that it costs society more to maintain you than it does me. I am contented with little—you want a great deal. Neither of us raise grain or potatoes, or weave cloth, or manufacture anything useful; we therefore add nothing to the common stock; we are only consumers, and if the world judged with strict impartiality, therefore it seems to me I would be pronounced the cleverest fellow."

Some passers-by here interrupted the conversation. The disputants separated, apparently good friends, and I drew in my head, ejaculating somewhat in the manner of Alexander in the play—Is there then no more difference between a beggar and a banker?

But several years have since passed away, and now both of these individuals have paid the last debt of nature. They died as they lived, the one a banker, and the other a beggar. I examined both their graves when I visited the city. They were of similar length and breadth; the grass grew equally green above each; and the sun looked down as pleasantly on one as on the other. No honors, pleasures or delights clustered round the grave of the rich man. No finger of scorn was pointed to that of the poor man. They were both equally forgotten. I thought too, of the destinies to which they had passed—of that state in which temporal distinctions exist not—where pride and all the honors which regard this life never find admittance. Then the distinctions of time appeared indeed as an item in the sunbeam, compared with those which are made in that changeless state to which they had both passed.

Thrilling Incident.

I past up the natural avenue and came upon the green. My feelings were very poetical as I walked towards the village church. I entered. A popular preacher was holding forth, and the little meeting-house was much crowded. Several persons were standing up, and I soon discovered that I must retain my perpendicular position, as every seat was crowded. I, however, passed up the aisle until I gained a position where I could have a view of nearly all present. Many of the congregation looked curiously at me, for I was a stranger to them all. In a few moments, however, the attention of every one appeared to be absorbed in the ambassador of grace, and I also began to take a lively interest in the discourse. The speaker was fluent, and many of his flights were even sublime. The music of the woods and the fragrance of the heath seemed to respond to his eloquence.

Then it was no great stretch of the imagination to fancy that the white-handed creatures around me, with their pointing lips and artless innocence were beings of a higher sphere. As my feelings were thus divided between the beauties and blessings of the two worlds, and wrapt in a sort of poetical devotion, I detected some glances at me of an animated character.

I need not describe the sensations experienced by a youth when the eyes of a beautiful woman rest for a length of time upon his countenance, and when he imagines himself to be an object of interest to her. I returned her glances with interest, and threw all the tenderness into my eyes which the scene, my meditations, and the preacher's discourse had inspired. My heart—doubting not the fair damsel possessed kindred feelings with myself; that we were drinking together at the fountain of inspiration. How could it be otherwise?

She had been born and nurtured amidst these wild and romantic scenes, and was made up of romance, of poetry of tenderness; and then I thought of the purity of woman's love—her devotion to truth. I only prayed that I might meet with her where we might enjoy a sweet interchange of sentiment. Her glances continued. Several times our eyes met. My heart beat with rapture.

At length the benediction was pronounced. I lingered about the premises until I saw the dark-eyed damsel set out for home, alone and on foot. Oh! that the customs of society would permit—for we were surely one in soul. Cruel formality! that throws up a barrier between each other! Yet I followed her. She looked behind, and I thought she evinced some emotion at recognizing me as a stranger of the day. I then quickened my pace, and she actually slackened her's as if to allow me to come up with her.

"Noble young creature!" thought I; "her artless and warm heart is superior to the bonds of custom."

I reached within a stone's throw of her. She suddenly halted, and turned her face towards me. My heart swelled to bursting. I reached the spot where she stood. She began to speak, and I took off my hat as if doing reverence to an angel.

"Are you a pedler?"

"No, my dear, that is not my occupation."

"Well, I don't know," continued she, not very bashfully, and eyeing me sternly. "I thought, when I saw you in the meeting-house, that you looked like the pedler who passed off a pewter half-a-dollar on me three weeks ago, and so I was determined to keep an eye on you. Brother John has got home now, and says if he catches the feller he'll wring his neck for him; and I ain't sure but you're the good-for-nothing rascal after all!"

Reader, did you ever take a shower bath?

A New Bedford Joker.

A correspondent of the New-York Spirit of the Times writes as follows:

One of our most respectable citizens, the cashier of the M—— Bank, was lately "done" by an eminent member of the Bristol Bar, whose note "laid over." Calling at the Bank next day after "grace," he presented a check received from one of his clients for which he wished to draw the cash. The gentlemanly cashier immediately paid the same, and remarked to his learned friend about that note. Mr. C—— made no reply, apparently not understanding the cashier as addressing him; pocketed his cash and was walking out. Thinking Mr. C—— might not have heard him, the cashier calls in a louder tone—

"Mr. C——, I said your note laid over yesterday."

Turning round with an air of surprise, he replied "Well, let it lay; nobody will steal it!"

A Kentucky roarer declares that since he has signed the teetotal pledge he has drunk the Mississippi water by the gallon. "Talk to me of a man eating a peck of dirt in a life time, said he, "why I have only been swallowing the sediment for a month, and am already chuck full of sandbars, snags, rafts, islands, and sunken flat-boats, and was never healthier in my life."